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THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' SUPPLEMENTARY EXHIBITION.

THE pictures crowded out of the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists, all of which would have been hung had the wall-space been sufficient, were collected, at the expiration of the time appointed for closing the first exhibition, and the gallery having been entirely re-hung the new display was opened to the public on the first of May, the only picture of the first exhibition left on the walls being Mr. Whistler's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother." In the new collection, three or four at least of the pictures are of a size that would have made it impossible to hang them in the first exhibition without doing injustice to many smaller works. Mr. Thomas Eakins's life-size "Crucifixion," Mr. F. D. Millet's life-size portrait of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Walter L. Palmer's "Venice," Mr. J. C. Rolshoven's old woman seated by a table, with the large landscapes by Messrs. Wm. M. Chase, and Abbott H. Thayer, call for a goodly share of the room at the disposal of the society, and yet they are of such importance in the general movement of which this society is the exponent that the public has to thank the society for contriving a way to let them be seen.

Mr. Eakins's "Crucifixion" is of course a strong painting from the scientific side, but it is difficult to praise it from any other point of view. At this stage of the world there can be only one reason for an artist's choosing such a subject—he must treat it as a poet. The physical aspect of the case ought to be sunk; the mere presentation of a human body suspended from a cross and dying a slow death under an Eastern sun cannot do anybody any good, nor awaken thoughts that elevate the mind. We are told that Mr. Eakins painted his picture out of doors, his model having been suspended on a cross erected on the roof of the artist's house in Philadelphia. No doubt Mr. Eakins would spare no pains to be correct, and no doubt we may trust implicitly to what he tells us about a body so suspended as we see this one, but there is nothing artistic in this realism because it does not stir any noble emotion. It is not meant for beauty, of course; but it does not move us to wonder, pity, or awe. Nobody, so far as we can learn, is moved by it to do more than comment on the artist's technical skill, or to criticise some of his details. Should the legs and feet be so full of blood while the rest of the body is so vacated? Should the hand be so constricted? Could the face in nature be so concealed? Is the shadow on the left shoulder darker than it should be? These, and other such questions, one hears, but such questions belong to the studio or to the class-room, not to the presence of a completed work of art.

Mr. Millet's portrait of Barrett as Cassius is at first view effective in its well-proportioned architectural frame, but it loses with much looking at. The action of the hand is not easily explained; the actor's head is covered with the toga and he holds with both hands to the cloth at one side of his face; the action is too decided not to mean something—but what does it mean? The face and right arm are painted with considerable strength, but here, again, we have an incongruity, for the body is painted in too unsubstantial a manner to support the firmer work. But the picture shows study and deliberate aim and no desire to shirk difficulties, and is far from being discreditable to the artist.

Mr. Palmer's "Venice" is an ambitious picture, in which the painter shows his right to be ambitious. We do not think the color enjoyable on the whole; it barely escapes the charge of chalkiness, though we think it would have escaped it more decidedly had it not been for the strong contrast of the mooring-posts in the foreground with the delicate painting of the rest of the picture. Nor is it helped by the beautiful color of the sky in Mr. Bunce's small, but telling, picture by its side. Chalkiness, however, is not Mr. Palmer's weakness; he showed in his "Autumn," of last year and in his "Interior" in the present Academy exhibition that he can be strong when he chooses. No, he has tried to paint Venice as he saw her bathed in the light of the morning sun, and if Turner has helped him to see her beauty he yet keeps the independence of his own eyes, and deserves his own reward. For here is beauty in many forms of light and composition and line.

A painter is bound to make his picture so far interesting as to leave us in no doubt why he painted it. Mr. Thayer does not wholly satisfy us on this point,

but Mr. Chase does not satisfy us at all. Had Mr. Chase painted his picture in little there might have been subject enough to go round; as it is we leave his table quite hungry. Clever brush-work and nothing else is a Barmecide feast indeed. Mr. Thayer has given us more incident, more composition, but what he gives us is soon exhausted, and the longing for light and color, or for something to cling to, drives us easily to thinking better of Miss Emmet's neighboring canvas than perhaps on the whole it deserves, manifestly clever as it is. There is indeed no better painting in the gallery than the corner of this lady's picture filled by the vessel, the storehouse, and the pile of barrels and the rest of the cargo. The picture is unfortunately all bits; the sky though hard is luminous, and the water is wet; the man in the boat is doing something, though it is not quite plain what, but he is not posing, as is unfortunately the young chap out of one of Miss Emmet's picture books, who marches out of the canvas at the right-hand corner. Miss A. C. Thacher sends several pieces of still-life which will enhance her growing reputation; her "Lettuce and Tomatoes," is as freely yet certainly drawn as it is excellent in color; the "Potatoes"—though this year even a painted potato is welcome, cannot be recommended as other than a clever study, and her "Dead Bird," (not in the catalogue), shows the same skillful hand. Miss Boots's "Peonies" are richly painted, and Miss E. Greatorex's "Azaleas" are delightful in their luxuriant beauty of form and color. Mr. J. W. Alexander's portrait of Mr. Cole shows this artist to much better advantage than his picture at the Academy; this is a clever, dashing work in which the painter displays certainty of touch and calculation of effect, and better still, the power to seize life and fix it for us on the canvas. His other picture, a negro boy holding up a big turkey with all its feathers on, shows good painting, but the painting is thrown away on a dull subject. A picture we are glad to see again is Mr. Kenyon Cox's "Lady in Black," exhibited last year at Philadelphia; it is a small unpretending work, but with much force of character, abounding life, and good painting, thought this is more shown in the accessory lace about the lady's neck than in the face itself. Why do we not hear more of Mr. Cox? We hope he has not just "hit it" once in this picture, but that he has more "bull's eyes" in store for us. Surely a man who in the whirlwind of exhibitions can paint a picture one can remember for a year, is capable of much.

Mr. Currier is this year all paint and fury, signifying nothing, and he is put quite out of countenance by Mr. Rolshoven, who meets him on his own ground and paints a landscape that even amateurs of Mr. Currier's take for his, and show the critic to appease his wrath over such a waste of time as we find in Mr. Currier's own landscapes. Mr. Currier has cleverness and is no doubt in earnest, but no one can invent a reason for being pleased with his this year's work. Mr. Rolshoven's "Landscape," has all Mr. Currier's contempt for detail, and all his swing, but it holds together, makes a distinct and strong impression and does not so much answer arguments as make argument unnecessary. Mrs. T. W. Dewing might have signed the upper half of her picture *La Farge*, so strong is the impression of artistic origin, but the lower half does not carry out the promise. There is no excuse whatever for so crude a performance being exhibited, and all the less because the artist's native cleverness is well known, and if she could once think it worth her while to take pains—we will not say to finish, but even to begin—she might do worthy work. Miss Allegra Eggleston's "Portrait" also betrays her teacher, but it is evident that the lady has force of her own and will one day show it more clearly than we can guess it by this picture.

Mr. Charles Noel Flagg's "Portrait of Mr. Van Boskerck" is certainly what is called in the country a speaking likeness, but there are cases where silence is better than much speaking—a likeness is not the only thing we ask for in a portrait; we may demand to be compensated by color, tone, composition or some other alleviation. Mr. John Selinger's small landscape, though at first likely to be taken for a Bunce, has its own individuality and gives its own share of pleasure to the lover of light and beautiful color. A small study of bric-à-brac by Mr. Sidney L. Smith attracted from the first much admiration for its strong harmonious coloring; here are pretty oriental things painted so well that one who owns the picture gets the things themselves and Mr.

Smith's art to boot. Mrs. Twachtman's "Calm Morning"—a bit of Venice shore and water?—only wants a little more sense of light to be more enjoyed. As it is, the movement of the water is given with much quiet skill. Miss Dora Wheeler's portrait sketch is the best work we have seen of this importance from this artist's hands. We wish she could have had a happier model.

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE trustees of the Metropolitan Museum evidently do not intend to give Mr. Feuardent and Mr. Cook the opportunity to establish the charge that the "Greek priest" and "Aphrodite and Eros" are "fraudulent patchwork of unrelated parts." General Di Cesnola probably selected these two statues for public examination because he thought they would stand an ordinary test better than any others of the assailed objects; but he shrinks from having them pass the ordeal of a hot potash bath, which Mr. Feuardent is confident would expose all the joints, by scaling off the colored cement he is satisfied has been daubed over them by the cunning hands that manufactured these two "antiquities."

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NOTHING now, it seems, remains to Mr. Feuardent but to wait patiently until his suit against General Di Cesnola for defamation of character comes before the courts. He will then find no hindrance in establishing his charges. The fact that he is a stranger in this country without influence, and the accused Director has at his back Murray Hill and the Museum, he may rest assured will not be allowed to weigh with either judge or jury. And if the issue should turn on personal character, Mr. Feuardent's record, to say the least, will not suffer by contrast with that of his opponent.

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THE Times declares General Di Cesnola to be guilty of "positive rascality" in destroying evidence in the matter of the investigation of the charges brought against him by Mr. Feuardent. Other prominent publications have not hesitated to express a similar opinion. Truly, if the Director is an honest man, it would seem that he should be a plaintiff instead of a defendant in a court of law.

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MR. J. C. HORSLEY, a prominent member of the Royal Academy, has lately distinguished himself by publicly deprecating the artistic ambition of women. Yet, if I am not mistaken, a woman—Angelica Kaufmann—was a founder of that great art school of England. He says: "Women were not sent into the world to write great epic poems, to compose oratorios, or to paint great historic pictures, and every effort on the part of women to deal with these must end—as they ever have done—in disastrous failure." They should not, he urged, be allowed to draw from the nude, which practice he obscurely connected somehow with agnosticism and atheism, and "every Christian citizen," he declared, "should do his utmost to discourage and put an end to so shameful a practice." What does our Art Students' League think of that?

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MR. SEYMOUR HADEN does not approve of "acierage," the practice of steeling a copper plate which has been etched, so as to produce from it a large number of good impressions. He says it gives the prints a dry and hard appearance. "Retroussage" he defines as "a vicious practice which consists in dextrous manipulation on the part of the printer, by direction of publishers and others, so as to hide the defects of an imperfectly-etched plate."

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MR. WHISTLER is credited by The London World with a rather savage "mot" at the expense of Sir Frederick Leighton. A lady spoke in his hearing, with rapture, of the many accomplishments of the popular President of the Royal Academy. "Sir Frederick," she exclaimed, "knows everything and does everything; he is a great writer, has a perfect knowledge not only of English, but of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, is an excellent speaker, a great judge of music, and himself, I believe, plays very well." "Yes," rejoined Mr. Whistler, with his peculiar nasal tone, "paints too, I believe."

MONTEZUMA.